

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

One of the Cabinet Circle on Woman's Realm—Octave Thanet's First Success—Diets Well Worth Knowing.

MRS. WILSON'S VIEWS.

A Staunch Democrat, but No Politician Nor Suffragist.

Wife of the Postmaster General Says "Women Cannot Run the House and Government, Too."

Mrs. Wilson, wife of the Postmaster-General, is a frail little woman, with soft, silken, prematurely gray hair, effectively but naturally arranged above a high intellectual forehead, and gentle high-bred manners that place her at ease at once. Mrs. Wilson has been long in public life, her husband having been a Representative nearly twelve years, when he went into the Cabinet, but because of ill-health, she figured very little in the gayeties of Capital life, yet she has always entertained in a quiet way, and those who have gathered about the Wilson table, or been invited informally to enter the hospitable doors, say that it is no wonder that Mr. Wilson's friends are most ardent in their support of him. His home life is ideal, and his wife is a perfect hostess.

Mrs. Wilson has never taken any part whatever in politics. She says that she is interested in the Democratic party's success, and in all that pertains to Mr. Wilson, but her study of the ethics of the thing goes no further than that. I remember first meeting Mrs. Wilson. It was when the Wilson tariff bill was under discussion in the House. It was at a reception, and before some one had spoken of Mrs. Wilson in her presence as the father of the Wilson bill, I laughingly said: "I am delighted to meet the mother of the Wilson bill!"

"Indeed I'm not!" she said with a stern assumption of offended dignity. "Mr. Wilson is perfectly able to father and mother

are now. I don't see a great deal of difference, except that there are certain rules of official etiquette that we are expected to observe, in the way of stated dinners and receptions now. As I have never been very fond of society, I rather dreaded it, but I have found it most agreeable."

The Wilsons have a pretty home on "Q" street, and several children to make it bright, one, a daughter, being in society. While Mr. Wilson is something of a bookworm, he is genial and companionable as a boy, and Mrs. Wilson is an admirable second. She laughingly repudiates the statements that have been made about her erudition and linguistic powers, and her heroic instruction of her children herself rather than send them to school. Just the same, Mrs. Wilson is a lady whom you must sharpen your wits to meet in the world of books, and one who is thoroughly charming in any capacity.

ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

Miss Ida Waugh Secures the Dodge Prize—Account of Other Work Done by Women.

The work of the women painters is decidedly stronger than heretofore. There is a noticeable absence of flower pictures, and two of the finest portraits are signed with feminine names. Ida Waugh has been awarded the Dodge prize for a strong portrait of a gentleman, which hangs in the corridor.

Cecilia Beaux's three-quarter length picture of a man in uniform with cloak of cardinal red is the most striking portrait in the exhibition. This, too, is hung in the corridor.

Clara W. Parish has contributed an upright panel picture of a female figure.

Claride Raquet Hirst has a bit of well executed still life.

Annie Barrows Shepley is seen in a life size, full length portrait of a lady, which is hung in the corridor over the door of the south gallery.

PRESERVING THE SYMMETRY

Harriet Hubbard Ayer Gives Advice About What Women Prefer to Call Embonpoint.

Two Diet Lists, One Telling Women With a Tendency to Fat What to Eat and What to Avoid.

In reply to innumerable letters asking a cure for obesity and the proper diet for women who wish to reduce their weight, I give herewith a "Blue List" of food which women may eat with impunity, and a "Black List," which is proscribed totally for all who earnestly wish to reduce flesh. In addition to this diet, exercise, light gymnastics, and sleep restricted to seven hours out of twenty-four at the most, massage, particularly about the throat, to prevent wrinkles from taking the place of flesh. Practically I have told this all before to the Journal readers, and repeat the article only because the issue of the Journal containing it has been exhausted.

BLUE LIST.

FOOD FOR FAT PEOPLE.

Bouillon and all clear soups, ripe fruit, salads of all kinds, without oil or cream in the dressing; underdone beef; mutton, poultry and game of all kinds; tomatoes, cabbage, cucumbers, cauliflower, squash, onions, turnips, radishes; clams and oysters, all kinds of fish, except salmon or fish preserved in oil; eggs in any form not containing butter or milk; tea and coffee in limited quantities, without milk or cream and with anacharine tablets for sweetening. In place of sugar; toasted bread, and biscuit, substituting salt for butter.

BLACK LIST.

FORBIDDEN POSITIVELY FOR FLESHY PEOPLE DESIROUS OF REDUCING WEIGHT.

All thick soups and vegetable purees; pork, veal, sausages, salmon, sardines, all fish preserved in oil; potatoes, beans, peas, eggplant, corn, hominy, cracked wheat or cereals of all kinds; hot breads, milk and cream, all puddings, pies, desserts, bonbons, preserves; all salads with mayonnaise of oil dressing; macaroni, spaghetti, hominy, rice, custards, butter, fried food of every description; chocolate and cocoa in every form.

The proper weight for women of various heights is as follows:

Heights	Pounds.
5 feet, 1 inch.....	120
5 feet, 2 inches.....	125
5 feet, 3 inches.....	130
5 feet, 4 inches.....	135
5 feet, 5 inches.....	140
5 feet, 6 inches.....	145
5 feet, 7 inches.....	150
5 feet, 8 inches.....	155
5 feet, 9 inches.....	160
5 feet, 10 inches.....	165
5 feet, 11 inches.....	170
6 feet.....	175

Most women begin to get stout at the age of thirty. Frequently they are of indolent nature, though women of sedentary habits, who are very active mentally, are often troubled with obesity.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. M.—Use the camel-hair face scrubbing brush, soap and hot water for your face every night before going to bed. It will take time, but will cure the condition you speak of.

Mrs. P. L. A.—Massage, diet, and electricity for the double chin. The preparation you speak of is better in your case without glycerine.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

CYCLING NOTES.

In the early days of Spring there is great danger after riding in the afternoon sunshine of taking a chill in the evening breezes. The throat is especially liable to be attacked by cold while riding. This liability can be lessened by the simple means of a folded newspaper. A sheet of the Journal is particularly efficacious over the chest.

An attempt has been recently made to solve the much-discussed gear question by suggesting that the crank should be one-fifth the length of the reach from saddle to pedal and the gear ten times that of the crank. That would give the woman of average height a 56-inch gear, which is high enough for all riders on hills and not low enough to be tiresome on the level. Experts, however, prefer higher gears because speed is more easily obtained without apparent effort.

The academies would be more popular with fashionable wheelwomen were the means of reclining while riding provided. Luxurious accessories should be available for those who are willing to pay for them. Wheeling is indulged in for its incidental pleasures almost as much for its direct benefit. Even a bath is enjoyed more and is more safely taken after a short rest.

It is a pity that the pretty and comfortable "sweater" is not known by some other name. Surely a more prepossessing cognomen in Summer—the "leary" season seems to be brought nearer by mention of it—would be anti-sweater. Those who sell the garment ought to find even a better name than this in their own interest.

A question has been raised about the propriety of using bicycles at funerals. Some people say they would not look well. But all know that over long distances it is more comfortable to ride than walk, and there are those that can ill afford carriage hire. Much can be said for and against almost any innovation, and this is not one of the exceptions. Perhaps the only way to come to a conclusion on the matter is to ask ourselves whether we would prefer to be followed by true mourners on wheels or not be followed at all.

The divided skirt is much in demand for tandem riding because it can be worn on a full diamond all-ost as well as on a composite frame. Of course the lady has the front seat, and as there is no wheel for the rear part of the skirt to chafe on the inevitable inconvenience of a skirt can be easily tolerated. And there can be no doubt about its appearance being stylish. But it by no means follows that the short skirt, though divided, is the best to wear because it is fashionable. By common consent knickerbockers are more comfortable and better adapted to riding in. They offer less resistance to the wind; they are not liable to displacement; and they are safer on a wheel. These advantages have Europe, and so will be.

GLACE FRUITS AT HOME.

Glaze fruits made at home cease to be an extravagance. The method is so simple the wonder becomes that more women do not add them to the table prepared for afternoon tea.

To make a small quantity, put into a saucepan two cupsful of granulated sugar and half a cupful of cold water. Let it stand for one hour, then place on a hot part of the range, where it can be trusted to boil without burning. To insure safety it may be well to place an asbestos pad beneath the pan. On no account stir the syrup. Let it boil until a teaspoonful dropped into a glass of hot water falls to the bottom in little lumps. The time required is usually twenty minutes, but testing is the only method by which one can be accurate. When the syrup is in perfect condition, add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and remove the pan to the side of the range.

While the syrup is boiling, prepare the fruit. Separate the fingers of a mandarin orange, take the stems from some Malaga and Tokay grapes, and shell a few each of Brazil nuts and walnuts. Almonds must be blanched as well as shelled.

With a fork dip one bit at a time into the hot syrup and place on buttered pans to cool. As each pan is filled, send it to an extremely cold place until the candy is firm. In Summer the refrigerator will be best, but in cold weather a stand placed by an open window in the store room will be all that is required.

The only possible cause for failure lies in the condition of the syrup. Once that begins to look thick or sugary, it ceases to be fit for use.

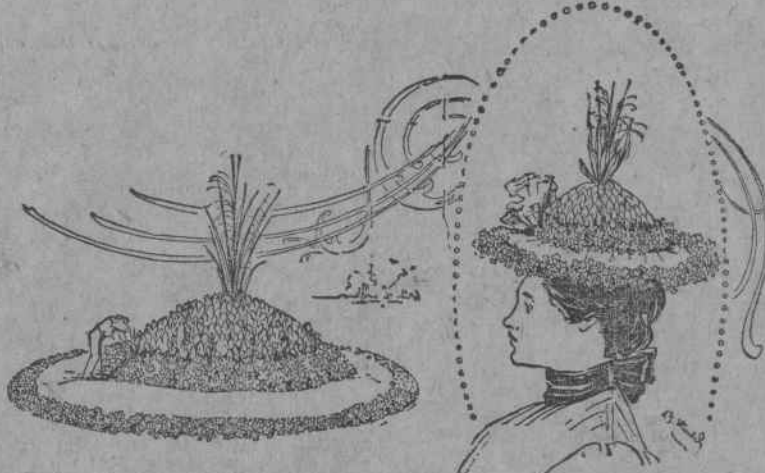
A CLERICAL OBJECT LESSON.

A certain literary woman who was a good deal of a gossip, on one occasion went to her father confessor to get absolution for having circulated a bit of scandal which had led to serious results. The priest told her that as a penance she was to go to the market and buy a chicken which she was to carry home, plucking it as she went and scattering the feathers along the way. She was then to retrace her steps and gather up each feather that she had let fall.

"But, father," she exclaimed, "what you tell me to do is impossible. Many of the feathers will have blown away."

"My child," was the answer, "it is no more impossible than it would be to recall the unfortunate words spoken by your tongue."

GENESIS OF THE EASTER BONNET.



Before Easter came everything that she heard or saw she carried in her head. And so it came to pass that one day in the Park she saw a man trimming his flowers, and at Easter she had "a little bonnet with a flower garden on it."



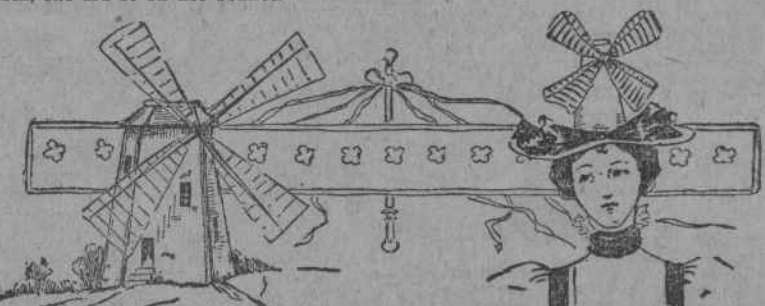
The holly-trimmed Christmas pudding she did not forget.



Nor the big moth on the Moorish dome.



And when the good bishop told them they should strive to imitate the constant Ruth, she did so on her bonnet.



Nor the lovely windmills she had seen in Holland.

And after Easter came, everything she had seen or heard she carried on her head.

THE RENEWING OF SKIRTS.

A woman in moderate circumstances always likes to be as saving as possible; therefore, a bit of advice in regard to widening skirts of the past season should not go amiss.

A skirt may be very near the fashion and yet lacking in width for present requirements. They being really the most important part of a dress, and the most costly, a little ingenuity and discretion work wonders.

To widen a dress of last year rip the seams to or above the knee, according to the width required, and fill in with full pointed panels of a different material. A Spring silk skirt would look well with panels made of lace edged with a narrow braid or cord.

Then again, should the skirt be of a fashion dating beyond last season, the best method for altering it would be to add a tablier. To do this the seams must be ripped all the way up, and the front breadth cut up the centre and let flow back on each side. Then the side seams should be taken in at the hips and darts added. It is quite necessary, if the skirt is to be well-fitting, to have the seams flow the full width of the material from the hips downward. The space in front can then be filled in with a lining as foundation for the tablier.

If the skirt is for evening wear, a pretty way would be to mount on the lining a tablier of some light material a trifle narrower than the lining, say about one inch at the waist, and widening toward the bottom, and cover the remaining space with firmly lined revers tapering from the waist on either side.

Another way would be to cut away the lower portion of the tablier in an ornamental line at the lower edge and fill in the space with velvet or lace-covered satin. To conceal the junction of the two materials, trim with a narrow gimpure and finish with ribbon bows.

AN AMERICAN DODO.

She was an extremely pretty young woman, and distinctly undomestic in her tastes; she consequently found the baby very wearing.

Her husband's finances made it impossible to have a nurse, but she did not propose to stop at home just for that baby!

A bright idea came to her. She put the infant in a bureau drawer, leaving a cork open to give it air, and sallied gayly forth. She has been divorced twice since then. The baby, strange to relate, still survives.

"OCTAVE THANET" ON HER FIRST SUCCESS



Two women, one of them a famous and successful editor, were discussing the other day a story in a current magazine. "It is the best story, the fullest of human interest, the most perfect admixture of humor, pathos and admirable characterization I have read this ten years," said one of them. "I have never read a finer story," the editor replied. "Nor is that wonderful, since the writer of it, Octave Thanet, is easily the best and foremost of our short story-tellers. I have never seen anything of hers that was less than excellent, but in 'The Missionary Sheriff' she has given us something memorably fine."

Testimony so convincing, from the voice of authority though it be, tells nothing new to the reading public, which for fifteen years past has been growing steadily more and more eager for everything that has appeared under that name. For the most part these eager readers have already learned that Octave Thanet is in private life Miss Alice French. And such of them as are privileged to know her personally, or at second-hand, though her friends, have heard that she is even more delightful than her stories—a brilliant letter writer, a still more brilliant talker, a charming, gracious and most womanly woman.

So what she has to say of her first success will fall into sympathetic ears the whole country through. It will be seen that this warm and cheery realist, unlike some others of her craft, is a realist as much in giving an account of her own literary evolution as in depicting an imaginary person or situation. Her excellent did not spring like Minerva full armed from the brain of Jove. Contrariwise, she learned to tell the best stories of her time through the telling of others not so good. "I began to write when I was sixteen," she says, "and with the incredible folly of that age, for two or three years I sent those dreadful things that I wrote to editors who had never done me any harm. Gradually something besides the MSS. came to me—the consciousness that I did not know how to tell a story. And I stopped for some years. I studied and I wrote, but I didn't send—I burned. Everything I wrote I burned. Then—I think in 1878 or 1879—I wrote a story—'A Communist's Wife.' And this story, having finished it, I did not burn; I sent it, in a spasm of boldness, to Lippincott's Magazine, of which Mr. Kirke was then editor—and a kind editor he always was to me."

"He accepted the story, changing the title (which was subsequently restored) to 'Communist and Capitalist.' He sent me forty two dollars. It was the first money that I had ever earned. And I believe I kissed the check. Then I went downstairs and told my people. I hadn't said anything before. My dear father was so pleased! He was alive then."

"They were all pleased, indeed; and as we are an affectionate family and likely to express our pleasure, that little first suc-

cess I remember I was so shy that it was almost painful for me to discuss my writing at all. I got over it gradually, at first with my father and mother, next—queer as it may seem—with my brothers, and, last of all, with my nearest friends. My father's criticism line one way and my mother's in another were very useful to me. And my brothers and my sister, later, were an immense help. My brothers have taught me to look on life and business from a man's point of view, and I cannot be grateful enough to them. And my adopted brothers have aided, until now I really think I know how several sorts and conditions of men feel."

No reader can doubt that knowledge, any more than he can fail to recognize that it is a knowledge informed by wisdom and subtly reinforced by the finest and most intuitive perception. It is only those who themselves feel who can truly touch us in the portrayal of human life. Back and above the finished artist of romance one feels the throbbing heart, wholesome, eminently and deliciously human personality.

Miss French is of New England descent, belonging by birth, indeed, to its "Brahmin caste." But the larger part of her mature life has been spent in that lush New England, the upper West, Davenport, Iowa, is her official home. That is to say, a letter addressed there will reach her in the end, though she may be visiting in New England or Old England, making glad the hearts of her many friends in New York City or Washington, or sojourning in Chicago, whose literary folk look at her with a proud air of at least semi-propriety. But her dearest and longest loiterings are at the plantation Clover Bend, Arkansas. There she spends some months of each year. They are not given to study with malice aforethought of her neighbors black and white, but to enjoyment pure and simple of south country sights and sounds and characters. In course of them the trained eye, the keen and philosophic perception, the unctuous bubbling humor, which is above everything the hall-mark of this so excellent genius, cannot fail to take note of things that are later transmuted into the stories all the world loves to read.

For Octave Thanet is even more gentlewoman than genius. She is, further, a most delightful woman of affairs. Witness her "Confessions of a Self-Made Cook." Witness, also, her confession of her delight in carpentry: "I love to see a plumb and true bit of work. I love the very planing, and sawing, and measuring, and squaring. To be sure, my carpentry is mostly by the light of nature—there is nothing fine about it except my tools. But in collaboration with Steve, the outside man, I am the author of two picket, one heavy wire fence, three light-wire fences and nine or ten gates, all of which can shut."

So much for the recreation of a woman who has won the first place in literature solely by deserving it.

ANOTHER SOCIAL CYCLING CLUB

With the view of providing amusement for some of the Lenten evenings another cycling club was organized a few weeks back. The originator of the idea was Dr. Edwin Cudlipp. Arrangements were made for riding once a week at Bowman's academy, already rendered famous by the celebrated "Michaux." The project was successful from the first, and the number of members soon became about 100. It has now been proposed to make the organization permanent, and a schedule of road runs is being talked of. The Colonials are proficient riders, the "Lenten lessons" on the floor having added to the confidence which the members had previously attained. At the last ride of the club figure riding was practised, some of those taking part being Mrs. John McClave, who wore a neatly-fitting black costume; Mrs. Clara Granger, who had on a pretty falk suit of blue mixed cloth, with leather trimming; Miss Agnes B. Wilson, who was very becomingly attired in gray tweed, and Miss White, who was gowned in stylish tan.

Others present were: Mrs. John A. McCall, Miss Nina McCall, Mr. Albert McClave, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Sanford, Mr. W. C. Roberts, Miss Grace Hutton, Misses Goodridge, Mr. G. W. Falk, Mr. and Mrs. Demorest, Mr. Sherrard Elliott, Miss Clara McCord, Mr. John McClave, Miss McClave, Mr. and Mrs. Tarbell, Miss Hollis, Miss Anderson, Mr. Knight, Mr. O. E. Wilson, Mr. W. P. Baird, Mr. and Miss Zittel, Mr. W. B. Pressinger, Mr. and Mrs. Lutz, Miss Feeney, Dr. Blodgett, Misses Hagenbottam, Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Barbank, Mr. Judson Todd, Miss Loyster, Mr. Joseph P. Eager, Dr. C. B. White, Mr. and Mrs. J. Boyd Wilson, Mr. T. F. Reynolds, Mr. Wilson Yard and Mr. Marshall P. Wilder.

HANDWRITING.

Genevieve Davis.—This writing denotes great ambition and desire to shine, dissatisfaction with anything mediocre, dramatic talent.

Viola.—Love of romance, susceptibility, lack of stability in affections, love of music.

Edele.—Lack of application, love of romantic situations, fickleness in love affairs.

THE CHIROGRAPHERIST.

A NOVEL EMPIRE SHADE.

The very latest thing in lamp shades becomes a picture frame as well. Colored photographs make the best effect and those of platinum or sepia finish make the second choice. If unmounted they are easier to handle. But nothing is necessary beyond the cardboard foundation and a sufficient number of faces to make a goodly showing.

Stage stragg young women select cards of their favorite mother in different characters, and so get illuminated views. Less enthusiastic girls are content with faces of their feminine friends.

In either case the process is the same.



The shade proper of cardboard is first made upon a wire frame. That done, ovals of correct size and in sufficient number are cut, the pictures are laid in place and pasted over the back with thin muslin to hold them firm. As a finish a twisted ribbon with bows is painted about each frame and round the edges, or, if the maker has sufficient skill, a jeweled band is made to take its place.



MRS. W. L. WILSON.

his own bills," and the look of pride which she sent across the room to the group of which her husband was the centre spoke volumes.

Thinking of this, I asked Mrs. Wilson if she thought that a man's success in official life was in any way dependent upon the actions of his wife.

"Yes, indeed," she said. "I think the success of a man in public life very largely depends upon his wife. If she pretends to figure in it at all. A woman who does not care to keep her home bright and attractive, and who does not welcome the friends of her husband graciously, will not only be disliked herself, but can soon get her husband in ill-favor with everybody. In one way, official life is exacting, but its duties are mostly pleasant, and I have not found them as onerous as I expected. The public is kind, and if it receives honest treatment, is inclined to make much of its hosts."

To the question as to whether she is a suffragist, Mrs. Wilson emphatically declared that she is not, and that she does not believe in women mixing in affairs of state. She does not consider that it is any part of a wife's duty to interfere in the executive affairs of her husband.

"God placed us in the home and there we should remain," she said. "A woman cannot run the house and the government at one and the same time. No man does it, and it would be foolish to expect a woman to do it. The home is woman's domain, and her children her loving subjects. Mr. Wilson does not concern himself with domestic cares any more than I concern myself with affairs of state. It is true that I am often importuned to interfere in behalf of people wanting appointments, but I am obliged to gently but firmly decline. Some of the cases are extremely sad and make my heart ache. There is so much misery in the world that carries a smiling face for the public, you know, but I am helpless to aid any of those who come to me, further than to give some kindly words of advice and sympathy."

"Do you often make enemies by your refusal to use your influence?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I think not," she replied quickly. "I always feel such a keen sense of regret that I cannot immediately assist those who come to me, and I tell them so frankly, that except in a very few instances when worry has almost made them ill, they take my refusal in the kindest spirit, evidently appreciating the fact that while I sympathize with them, I am powerless to aid them."

"I don't think that it is necessary to keep 'open house' in the sense of 'living constantly in the public view' to make a man in official life popular," was Mrs. Wilson's reply to the question. "For a great many years I was not able to keep up with society, but informally Mr. Wilson's friends were always welcome, and they

Louise Cox, a figure piece in varied shades of blue.

Miss E. B. Waring, daughter of Colonel G. E. Waring, the Street Cleaning Commissioner, shows a strong pastel portrait of a lady.

Adele Herter, a pastel of a young girl.

Letitia B. Hart, an outdoor scene in oil; a group of women are preparing for a picnic lunch on the green.

Mrs. Jennie S. Loop, who is an associate of the National Academy, a fine portrait of a gentleman.

Miss Flora McCaig, a cattle piece.

Mrs. J. Francis Murphy, a figure piece with indistinct background, in which green is the prevailing tone.

Mrs. Ruth Payne Burgess shows a small portrait of a lady with black gown and hat and a touch of yellow at the neck.

Mary B. Hazleton signs a studio interior—the artist, a young woman, engaged in painting a half-nude model.

Matilda Browne contributes a large farm scene with two yokes of oxen in the foreground.

Miss Maria Brookes has an attractive little portrait entitled "Forget Me Not," and Eleanor Cunningham Banister, a charming portrait of a young girl in white.

GEM SUPERSTITIONS.

The Burmese believe that the ruby ripens like fruit.

That the emerald promotes friendship and constancy of mind.

That the agate quenches thirst, and if held in the mouth allays fever.

The crystal induces visions, promotes sleep, and insures good dreams.

The Cingalese consider the cat's eye, a charm against witchcraft.

The sapphire produces somnambulism and impels the wearer to all good works.

The moonstone has the virtue of making trees fruitful, and of curing epilepsy.

Coral is a talisman against enchantments, thunder, witchcraft and the perils of flood and field.

A bouquet composed of diamonds, loadstones and sapphires combined, renders a person almost invincible and wholly irresistible.

Onyx contains in it an imprisoned devil, which waxes at sunset and causes terror to the wearer, disturbing sleep with ugly dreams.

ON THE TRAIN.

Restless Woman—Goodness, I never encountered so many ugly people in my life. People so ungraciously plain should remain at home. They mar the landscape and destroy personal serenity.

Kind Man (abstractly)—I sincerely apologize for being here.